

A Scarf For Percy

It was a cold winter's morning on the Island of Sodor. The wind was bitter and the ground hard with frost. Thomas and Percy were cold and cross. "All I want is a warm boiler," huffed Thomas, "firelighter knows that. He's late!" "He's not late," replied Percy, "this cold weather woke us up early." Gusts of wind swirled flakes of snow towards Thomas then they swooshed round Percy too. "Why don't we talk about something else?" shivered Percy. "Yes! Like how silly we'll look when our funnels turn into icicles!" "That's not funny. Maybe we'll stop feeling cold if we talk about warm things like sunshine and steam." "And firelighters." muttered Thomas. "Scarves!" continued Percy. "Scarves? That's what you need, Percy, a woolly scarf round your funnel!" Thomas was only teasing but Percy thought happily about scarves until the firelighter came.

The Fat Controller was enjoying hot porridge for breakfast. He was looking forward to taking important visitors on a tour of the railway and had pressed his special trousers.

"I shall put them in my trunk and change into them just before the photographs are taken." He said to his wife then he set off to catch his train.

Percy was now working hard. His fire was burning nicely and he had plenty of steam. But he still thought about scarves. He saw them everywhere he went.

"My funnel's cold! My funnel's cold" he puffed. "I want a scarf! I want a scarf!" "Rubbish, Percy!" said Henry, "engines don't wear scarves!" "Engines with proper funnels do." replied Percy.

"You've only got a small one!" Before Henry could answer, Percy puffed away. Henry snorted. He was looking forward to pulling the special train.

It was time for the photographs. Everyone was excited. The Fat Controller was waiting on the platform for his trousers. They were in a trunk amongst a big load of baggage. The porters were taking the baggage trolley across the line. They were walking backwards to see that nothing fell off. Percy was still being cheeky. His driver always shut off steam just outside the station. Percy wanted to surprise the coaches by coming in as quietly as he could. But the porters didn't hear him either. Boxes and bags burst everywhere.

"Ohh!" groaned Percy. Sticky streams of jam trickled down Percy's face. A top hat hung on his lamp iron. Worst of all, a pair of trousers coiled lovingly round his funnel. Everyone was very angry. The Fat Controller seized the top hat.

"Mine!"

he said, "Percy, look at this." "Yes sir. I am sir." "My best trousers too!" "Yes, sir, please, sir." "We must pay the passengers for their spoiled clothes and my trousers are ruined. I hope this will teach you not to play tricks with the coaches."

Percy went off to the yard. He felt very silly. On the way he met James.

"Hello, Percy. So you found a scarf eh? But legs go in trousers not funnels!"

and he puffed away to tell Henry the news. That evening, Thomas and Percy were resting in the shed. Percy's driver had taken away the trousers and given Percy a good rub down.

"Firelighter's promised to come early tomorrow," said Thomas. Henry arrived. He'd enjoyed taking the visitors around and now he felt sorry for Percy too. "Driver says the weather will be warmer tomorrow. You won't need a scarf Percy." "Certainly not!" replied Percy, "Engines don't need scarfs. Engines need warm boilers. Everyone knows that!"

Percy's Promise

Every summer the Island of Sodor is very busy. Holidaymakers love to sightsee and when the weather is fine, there is no better place to visit. Some people like to go to the mountains, others like the valleys. Children love the seaside. One morning, Thomas was puffing along the line that runs by the coast. His two coaches Annie and Clarabel were packed with children going to the beach. Everyone was happy. Percy was taking some trucks to the harbour. "Hello, Thomas. You look cheerful. I wish I could take children today instead of trucks." "They're the vicar's Sunday school," explained Thomas, "I'm busy this evening, but the stationmaster says I can ask you to take the children at home." "Of course I will!" promised Percy.

Later Percy saw Harold.

"Sorry Percy can't talk. I'm on high alert."

"Why?"

"Bad weathers due, my help's always needed. Mind how you go, Percy."

"Pah!" huffed Percy, "as long as I've got rails to run on, I can go anywhere in any weather anyhow! Good bye!" He set off for the beach.

It was a beautiful day but Edward was worried. "Be careful." He warned, "There's a storm coming." "A promise is a promise," thought Percy, "no matter what the weather!"

The children had a lovely day, but by teatime dark clouds loomed ahead Annie and Clarabel were glad when Percy arrived he was just in time. Rain streamed down Percy's boiler. "Ugh." he shivered and thought of his nice dry shed.

Percy struggled on past coastal villages and into the countryside. The river was rising fast. "I wish I could see! I wish I could see!" complained Percy as he battled against the rain. More trouble lay ahead. "Oh!" hissed Percy, "the water is sloshing my fire!" Percy's driver and fireman had to find some more firewood. "I'll have some of your floorboards please." said the fireman to the guard.

"I only swept the floor this morning!"

grumbled the guard, but he still helped. Soon Percy's fire was burning well, he felt warm and comfortable again. Then he saw Harold. "Oh dear," thought Percy, "Harold's come to laugh at me." Something thudded onto Percy's boiler. "Ow!" exclaimed Percy, "He needn't throw things!" "It's a parachute!" laughed his driver, "Harold's dropping hot drinks for us!" "Thank you Harold!" whistled Percy.

"Good to be of service!"

replied Harold, and he buzzed away. The water lapped Percy's wheels. Percy was losing steam again, but he plunged bravely on. "I promised!" he panted, "I promised!" He made one more big effort and, at last, exhausted but triumphant he brought that train home. "Well done, Percy!" cheered Thomas, "You kept your promise despite everything!" The Fat Controller arrived in Harold. First he thanked the men, then Percy.

"Harold told me you were- uh- uh- wizard. He says he can beat you at some things but not at being a submarine. I don't know what you two get up to sometimes, but I do know that you're a really useful engine!"

"Oh, sir!" whispered Percy, happily.

Time For Trouble

The Island of Sodor had many visitors and The Fat Controller had scheduled more trains.

Gordon the Big Engine had to work harder than ever before. "Come on," he called to the coaches. "Come on, come on, come on. The passengers rely on me to be on time."

Whenever Gordon finished one journey, it was time for another to begin. "Nevermind," he puffed, "I like a good long run to stretch my wheels."

Even so, The Fat Controller decided that Gordon needed a rest.

"James, shall do your work."

James was delighted. He likes to show off his smart red paint and was determined to be as fast as Gordon.

"You know, little Toby," He boasted, "I'm an important engine everyone knows it. I'm as regular as clockwork never late always on time," "Says you," replied Toby. Just then The Fat Controller arrived. "Your parts are worn, Toby so you must go to the works to be mended." "Can you take Henrietta Sir?" "No, what will the passengers do without her?" Toby saw Percy by the water tower. "Don't worry Toby," said Percy. "I'll take care of Henrietta until you get back."

Soon Toby was out on the main line, he clanked as he trundled along. He's a little engine with small wheels, his tanks don't hold much water. He had come a long way and began to feel thirsty. In the distance was a signal, "Good!" he thought "There's a station ahead, I can have a nice drink and a rest until James has passed." Toby's driver thought so too, Toby was enjoying his drink when the signalman came up. He'd never seen Toby before, Toby's driver tried to explain, but the new signalman wouldn't listen. "We must clear the line for James with the Express. You'll have to get more water at the next station."

Toby clanked sadly away, hurrying used a lot of water and his tanks were soon empty. Poor Toby was out of steam of stranded on the mainline. "We must warn James," Said the Fireman. Then he saw Percy and Henrietta.

"Please, take me back to the station. It's an emergency." Henrietta hated leaving Toby. "Never mind," said Percy. "You're taking the firemen to warn James. That's a big help." Henrietta felt much better. James was fuming when he heard the news.

"I'm going to be late."

"My fault," said the signalman. "I didn't understand about Toby." "Now James," said his driver, "You'll have to push Toby."

"What Me! Me! Push Toby and pull my train too."

Grumbling dreadfully, James set off to find Toby. He came up behind Toby and gave him a bump. "Get on you."

James had to work very hard. When he reached the works station, he felt exhausted.

Some children were on the platform, "Coo!" said one "The express is late and it's got two engines. I think James couldn't pull it on his own, so Toby had to help him."

"Never mind James," whispered Toby. "They're only joking." "HA HA!" said James.

Gordon and the Famous Visitor

It was an important day in the yard. Everyone was busy and excited, making notes and taking photographs. A special visitor had arrived and was now the centre of attention. "Who's that?" whispered Thomas to Duck. That said Duck proudly a celebrity. "A what?" asked Percy. A celebrity is a very famous engine replied Duck driver says we can talk to him soon. Oh, said Thomas, he's probably too famous to even notice us. Just then. Gordon arrived. "Pah," said Gordon, "Who cares, A lot of us about nothing if you asked me," And he steamed away. Later that night, the engines found that the visitor wasn't conceited at all. He enjoyed talking to the other engines too long after the stars came out. He left early next morning. "Good riddance," Gordon grumbled, "Chattering all night. who is he anyway?" "Duck told you," said Thomas. "He's famous," "As famous as me," huffed Gordon. "Nonsense." "He's famouser then you," replied Thomas. "He went 100 miles an hour before you were thought of." "So he says," snorted Gordon, "But I didn't like his looks. He's got no dome never trust Domeless engines. They're not respectable. I never boast but I'd say that 100 miles an hour would be easy for me."

Duck took some trucks to Edward's station. "Hello," called Edward. "That famous engine came through this morning. he whistled to me. Wasn't he kind." "He's the finest engine in the world" replied Duck, Then he told Edward what Gordon had said. "Take no notice" soothed Edward. "He's just jealous. Look, he's coming now." Gordon's wheels pounded the rails. "He did it I'll do it, He did it I'll do it." Gordon's train rocketed past and was gone. "He'll knock himself to bits," chuckled Duck.

"Steady Gordon," called his driver. "We aren't running a race." "We are then," said Gordon, but he said to himself. Suddenly, Gordon began to feel a little strange. "The top of my boiler seems funny," he thought. "It feels as if something is loose. I better go slower." But it was too late. On the viaduct, they met the wind. It was a teasing. wind which blew suddenly and hard puffs, Gordon thought it wanted to push him off the bridge."No you don't," he said firmly. But the wind had other ideas. It curled around his boiler crept under his loose dome and lifted it off and away into the valley below. Gordon was most uncomfortable. The cold wind was whistling through the hole where his dome should be, and he felt silly without it.

At the big station the trucks laughed at him. Gordon try to wish them away but they crowded round no matter what he did.

On the way back to the shed, Gordon wanted his driver to stop and fetch his dome. "We'll never find it now," said the driver. "You'll have to go to the works for a new one." Gordon was very cross.

"I hope the shed is empty tonight," he huffed to himself. But all the engines are waiting. "Never trust domeless engines," said a voice from somewhere behind him "They aren't respectable."

Donald's Duck

Duck The Great Western Engine worked hard in the yard at the big station. Sometimes he pulled coaches, sometimes he pushed trucks, but whatever the work, Duck got the job done without fuss. One day Duck was resting in the shed when The Fat Controller arrived.

"Your work in the yard has been good. Would you like to have a branchline for your own?"

"Oh, yes, please sir," Replied Duck.

So Duck, took charge of his new branchline. The responsibility delighted him.

The line runs along the coast by sandy beaches till it meets a port when big ships come in. Duck enjoyed exploring every curve and corner of the line. Sea breezes swirl his smoke high into the air and its green paint glistened in the sunlight. "This is just like being on holiday," he puffed.

"Well, you know what they say." laughed his driver "A change is as good as a rest." Soon Duck was busier than ever.

The Fat Controller was building a new station at the port and Duck pushed the trucks wherever they were needed.

Bertie, looked after Duck's passengers and the other engines helped to put the work truck out long time. Noise and dust filled the air. "Don't worry." whistled Toby, "The station's nearly finished," "And on time too," said Duck thankfully.

Duck felt his responsibility deeply and true. And talked endlessly about it. "You don't understand Donald how much The Fat Controller relies on me."

"Och aye,"

muttered Donald sleepily. "I'm Great Western and I..."

"Quack, quack, quack."

"What?"

"You heared. Quack quack you go, Sounds like you're an egg laid. Now weeshed and let an engine sleep."

"Quack yourself," said Duck indignantly. Later he spoke to his driver. "Donald says I quack as if I'd laid an egg." "Quack. Do you?" Pondered his fireman. He whispered something to Duck and his driver. They were going to play a joke on Donald and pay him back for teasing Duck.

The engines were busy for the rest of the day and nothing more was said. Not even a quack. But when it last Donald was asleep. Duck's driver and fireman popped something into his water tank. Next morning, when Donald stopped for water, he found that he had an unexpected passenger aboard. A small white duckling popped out of his water tank.

"Nae doot who's behind this?"

laughed Donald. The duckling was tame. She shared the fireman's sandwiches, and rode in the tender. The other engines enjoyed teasing Donald about her. Presently, she grew tired of travelling and hopped off at a station and there she stayed. That night, Donald's driver and fireman got busy. And in the morning, when Duck's crew arrived they laughed and laughed. "Look, Duck! look what's under your bunker. It's an nest box with an egg in it."

Donald open the sleepy eye.

"Well well well. You must have laid it in the night Duck, All unbeknownst."

Then Duck laughed too. "You win Donald It had take out clever engines I get that better of you." There's a pond near the duckling station. Here she swims and welcomes the trains as they pass by the station master called her Dilly. To everyone else. She is always Donald's Duck.

Thomas Gets Bumped

Every afternoon, Thomas the Tank Engine puffs along his branchline with Annie and Clarabel. First, they pass the water. Next, they come to a big farm. Then they can see a bridge with a village nestled on either side of it. This is a special place. Whenever children hear Thomas coming along, they stand on the bridge waving until he is out of sight. One day Thomas was running late. He had stopped at the signal before the bridge to talk to some new children. Percy was waiting too. "Hurry up Thomas," called Percy when the signal dropped. "If you're late, The Fat Controller may get a new engine to replace you." He would never do that. So Thomas, but he was worried. Next day, Thomas hurried along the line. Just ahead was a goods yards. there on the platform was an inspector waving a red flag. Next, Thomas saw some children they were waving too. "Something must be wrong," thought Thomas. "This station is for goods, not passengers." "Help, Thomas Help. We are glad to see you," called the children, "Please will you take us home." The stationmaster explained to Thomas' driver that the school bus had broken down and that all the parents would be worried if the children were late. Thomas waited as the children walk down from the bridge. Then he took them to the next station, where Bertie was waiting to take them home. When Thomas finished his journey, he was very late. He was worried that Fat Controller might be cross with him. "I warned Thomas," puffed Percy to James. "He's been late one time too many he'll be in trouble now." But next morning, The Fat Controller was nowhere to be seen.

"Thank goodness," sighed Thomas

Thomas knows every part of his branch line, but just ahead was a stretch with a hot sun had bent the rails on the track. "Careful Thomas," called his driver, but it was too late. "That's done it," said his driver. "We shan't get any further today." "But what about my passengers?" "Don't worry. They'll be looked after," replied his driver. While workman repaired the line. Thomas had to shunt trucks in the yard. Bertie came to see him. "I understand you need my help again."

"Yes, Bertie," replied Thomas sadly. "I can't run without my rails."

Bertie set off to collect Thomas's passengers. "Hello, Bertie," they said. "We are glad you are here." Bertie drove along the road by the railway, he stopped at each station along the line. Sometimes he stopped between stations to let people off closer to their homes. Thomas felt miserable. "I've lost my passengers. They like Bertie better than me." The Fat Controller arrived, "Your branchline is repaired. I'm going to change your timetable. So that you are Bertie can work together more."

When Thomas reached the station, there were all his passengers. "Bertie is a very good bus, but we missed our train rides with you," they said. Later Thomas spoke to Bertie. "Thank you for looking after my passengers." "Oh, that's all right, Thomas. I like to make new friends but I'm glad to share them with you," "Bertie," said Thomas, "You're a very good friend indeed."

Thomas ,Percy and the Dragon

Thomas and Percy are good friends. But sometimes Percy teases Thomas about being frightened, and he doesn't like that at all. One evening he was dozing happily in the shed, but Percy wanted to talk. "Wake up, Thomas." "Are you dreaming about the time you thought I was a ghost?" "Certainly not. Anyway, I was only pretending to be scared I knew it was you Really." Percy went on teasing him. "I hope the gaurd leaves the light on for you tonight." "Why?" Asked Thomas, "I quite like the dark." "Oh, really?" exclaimed Percy. "I am surprised. I'd always thought you were afraid of the dark. I wonder why." Thomas decided to say nothing and went to sleep instead. Next day, The Fat Controller arrived.

"I would like you to go to the harbour tonight to collect something rather unusual."

"What sort of something?"

"Wait and see."

Percy, was moving trucks into a siding. Henry arrived with his goods train. The signalman switch the points and Percy waited on the siding until Henry had steamed by.

Then there was trouble

"The points are jammed," called the signalman. "I can't switch them back the workmen will mend them in the morning. It's too late now." "Hmm," said Percy's driver. "I'm sorry Percy, but you will have to stay here for the night." "Where are you going?" asked Percy "Home for tea," replied the fireman. Percy was speechless. He watched as the other engines went home to the shed. Night time came, and Percy began to feel very lonely. "Oh dear." He murmured "It's very dark." "Ooh Ooh, What's that?" It was only an Owl. But Percy didn't realise this. "I wish Thomas was here too," he sighed. Thomas was waiting for his mysterious load at the harbour. Suddenly, there it was. "Cinders and Ashes." cried Thomas. "It's a dragon." "Don't worry." laughed his driver. "This dragon is made of paper. It's for the carnival tomorrow." Workmen lifted the dragon onto Thomas's low loader and put lights all around it for protection. Then Thomas set off into the misty night. Percy was asleep in his sidings and had no idea that Thomas was approaching him. "HELP!" cried Percy. "I'm not going to open my eyes until my driver comes." Next morning that points were mended and Percy puff back to the junction. Gordon was just about to leave with the Express. "You'll never guess what I saw last night." Gordon was in no mood for puzzles. "I'm a busy engine. I don't have time for your games." "I've seen a huge dragon. It was covered in lights." Gordon snorted. "You've been in the sun too long your dome has cracked." When the other engines heard the news, they laughed too

"Look out Percy,"

chuckled James,

"Or the dragon may gobble you up."

"No one believes me." puffed Percy. "Maybe I did imagine the dragon After all,"

but Percy soon found out that he hadn't

"HELP! Save me!" cried Percy. "It's alright," whistled Thomas and the explain about the carnival.

"By the way, how was your night out?" Percy decided to tell Thomas the truth. "Well Percy," said Thomas, "Maybe we do get scared sometimes. But if we're not afraid to tell each other then that means we're quite brave too.

Diesel Does It Again

Duck and Percy enjoy their work at the harbour, Pulling and pushing trucks full of cargo to and from the quay. But one morning, the engines were exhausted. The harbour was busier than ever.

The Fat Controller promised that another engine would be found to help them "Huh, It's about time," said Percy. "I ache so much I can hardly get my wheels to move," agreed Duck. They waited for the engine to arrive. It came as a shock when he did.

"Good morning." Squirmed Diesel in his oily voice. The two engines had not worked with Diesel for a long time. "What are you doing here?" gasped Duck. "Your worthy Fat err Sir Topham Hatt sent me. I hope you are pleased to see me I am to shunt some dreadfully tiresome trucks." "Shunt where?" said Percy suspiciously. "Where? Why from here to there," purred Diesel "and again from here, easy isn't it?" With that Diesel is if to make himself quite clear bump some trucks hard. "OHH!" screamed the trucks. "Grrr!"

growled Diesel. Percy and Duck were horrified. They did not trust Diesel at all. They refuse to work and would not leave the shed. The Fat Controller was enjoying his tea and Ice bun when the telephone rang.

"So there's trouble in the harbour yard? I'll be there right away."

Diesel was working loudly and alone. Cargo lay on the quay, ship and passengers were delayed. Everyone was complaining about The Fat Controller railway.

Percy and Duck was sulking in the shed

"What's all this?"

demanded The Fat Controller.

"Err, We're on strike Sir," said Percy. "Yes," added Duck. "Beg pardon Sir but we won't work with Diesel Sir." Then in a quiet hurt voice he added. "You said you sent him packing Sir."

"I have to give Diesel a second chance. I am trying to help you by bringing Diesel here now you must help me he was the only engine available."

Percy and Duck went sadly back to work. Next morning, things were no better. Diesel's driver had not put his brakes on properly and Diesel started to move. He went bump straight into Percy. Percy had an awful fright. "Wake up there Percy," scowled Diesel.

"You have work to do."

He didn't even say he was sorry to Percy. Later Diesel bumped the trucks so hard that the load went everywhere "What will The Fat Controller say?" asked Percy, "He won't like it," said Duck. "So who's going to tell him I wonder,"

said Diesel. "Two little goody goody telltales like you I suppose." Percy and Duck did not want to be telltales, so they said nothing. Diesel thinking he could get away with his bad behaviour was ruder than ever next day he was shunting trucks full of China clay, he banged the trucks hard into the buffers, buffers when secure, The silly trucks were sunk. Soon The Fat Controller heard the news. The trucks were hoisted safely from the sea but that clay was lost. That Fat Controller spoke severely to Diesel.

"Things were much better here before you arrived. I shall not be inviting you back. Now Duck and Percy, I hope you won't mind having to handle the work by yourselves again." "Oh no Sir, Yes, please Sir" replied the engines whistling cheerfully they puff back to work, while Diesel sulked slowly away.

Henry's Forest

Henry The Green Engine has lived on the Island of Sodor for many years, he wouldn't want to be anywhere else. He likes every part of it from the fields filled with flowers to the white sandy beaches. But there is one place that Henry always enjoyed visiting more than any other his driver you this too. "Come on Henry," he would say "We've made good time today. We'll stop for a while by the forest." Henry loved it here. The forest was full of broad oaks and tall pines. Henry could remember the day long ago when he and Toby brought some new trees to be planted. And Terence and Trevor helped haul them into place. Now, he could see the trees growing amongst the others on the hillside. Henry always felt better for being here. He couldn't really explain why, but his driver understood. "It's peaceful" he said.

But one night, everything changed. The engines were resting in the shed. "Listen," said Thomas. "Can you hear a strange whistling sound?" "It's the wind blowing outside our shed," replied Toby, "but I've never heard it like this before." "Do you know," added James "If Gordon wasn't here now, I'd say it was him thundering by with the Express." All the engines laughed, except Henry. "I hope the wind won't harm the forest." By morning, the fierce winds had gone but that damage was done. Henry's driver came to see him in the yard, "trees have fallen on the line we must help clear the tracks."

Donald set off with the breakdown train and Henry followed. Trees lay everywhere. The hillside now look so bare. Henry felt sad. "What will happen to all the animals who live here?" He thought. When Henry's flat trucks were full of logs, he took them to the timber mill, where they would be turned into furniture and other things. Henry was glad the wood was being put to good use, but he was still sorry to lose part of his forest.

"Oh dear," sighed, Toby. "I wish there was something we could do to make things better again." "Yes indeed," replied Thomas "But what? We can't mend broken trees." Toby have slowly into the yard.

"Hello Toby,"

said The Fat Controller.

"You do look glum."

"I'm sad about the trees," said Toby, "And so is Henry. The forest is a special place to him. Now some of it is gone."

"We'll soon put that right. I have an important job for you, Toby. I would like you to take some trucks to the forest."

When the trucks arrived, Toby was delighted. They were full of splendid young trees all ready for planting. "This is the best job I've ever had," said Toby happily.

When Henry returned he was most surprised. They were Trevor and Terence busily helping the workmen clear the torn stumps and branches. "Look Henry," called Terence "We're beginning again. The hillside will look better than ever before. You'll see." Now Henry can see the trees growing strong and tall and the animals are coming back. Sometimes everywhere is quiet. At other times, Henry can hear leaves rustling or a bird's when brushing the air. Often he can hear the sound of children laughing and always he is happy here.

The Trouble With Mud

One morning, Thomas was being cleaned when Gordon arrived, Mud blown all over his smart blue paint. "Hello, Gordon," called Thomas. "You look as if you've had a mud bath, be a sensible engine have a shower instead," Gordon snorted "I haven't time to dawdle over my appearance like fussy little tank engines do." The wind blew stronger, "Phew Gordon, Slow down," called his driver. This made Gordon even crosser "I'll be dirty and late dirty and late."

At the next station was a sign, all trains must wash down daily. James had just finished being cleaned. "Come on Gordon," said his driver. "You'll feel better after a good hose down." "Pah!" said Gordon and angrily let off steam. "You're a very naughty engine." said Gordon's driver "Now James will need another shower. You will have to wait your turn till later." "Good riddance," huffed Gordon. "I'm far too busy to waste time with water."

He finished his journey safely and steamed into the big station. The Fat Controller was waiting. So were Gordon's coaches and the passengers.

"Goodness gracious,"
said The Fat Controller.

"You can pull the train Henry will have to do it. Gordon, you better get cleaned straight away." Gordon was soon being washed. "Mind my eyes." He grumbled, Then he pulled trucks for the rest of the day. He bumped them hard. That's for you. And you and you. "Trucks will be trucks," said James. "They won't with me," snorted Gordon, "I'll teach them."

James got ready to take the express when Gordon returned. "Be careful," warned Gordon. "The hills are slippery and you may need help."

"I don't need help on hills,"
replied James. Huffilly,
"Gordon thinks he knows everything."

Earlier, a storm had swept Gordon's Hill, blowing leaves onto the track. Even though the storm had passed, the hill was still difficult to climb. James knew this. The signal showed clear and James began to go faster. "I'll do it. I'll do it." He puffed. Halfway up, He was not so sure.

"I must do it, I must do it."

But his wheels slipped on the leaves. He couldn't pull the train at all.

"Help! Help!"
whistled James his wheels were turning forward, but the heavy coaches pulled him backwards. The whole train started slipping down the hill. His driver shut off steam and put on the brakes. Then carefully he stopped the train.

Gordon saw everything.

"Ah well, we live and learn. Never mind little James I'm going to push behind." Clouds of smoke and steam towered from the snorting engines. "We can do it," puffed James. "We will do it," puffed Gordon.

At last they reached the top, "Peep, Peep! Thank you. Goodbye." whistled James "Poop, Poop!" said Gordon "Goodbye."That night The Fat Controller came to see the engines. "Please Sir," said Thomas "Can Gordon pull coaches again now?"

"If you understand that having a good washdown as essential to every engine then Yes, Gordon, you may" "Thank you," grunted Gordon. The other engines settled happily to sleep, "Dirty or clean. I'm a famous machine," murmured Gordon, but no one heard but him.

No Joke For James

James is a mixed traffic engine. He can pull both trucks and coaches, He is proud of his smart red paint and so is his driver. "Everyone says you brighten up the day, James." One morning, James whistle loudly the other engines. "Look at me. I am the smartest, most useful engine on the line." "Rubbish," replied Thomas. "We're all useful. The Fat Controller says so and he's Sir Topham Hatt, head of the whole railway." "You know what James," added Percy. "What?" replied James. "You're getting all puffed up."

James huffed away. Later he was still boasting. "I'm the pride of the line." "I saw you pulling trucks today. You're only a goods engine," snorted Gordon. James was furious. "I pull coaches too." "Not as much as I do." grunted Gordon. "The Fat Controller has plans for me." James was only making this up but Gordon believed him. "What plans?" "Err, wait and see. Oh dear," thought James "now what will I do?"

Thomas was shunting shining new coaches. "Good morning James." "Are those coaches for me," asked James hopefully, "No, these are for Gordon's express I'll fetch your trucks next." But James was going to play a trick on the other engines, "Actually Thomas. I'm taking the coaches. The Fat Controller asked me to tell you." "What about the trucks?" "Err, give them to Gordon." "Come on Thomas," said his driver. "Orders are orders."

So when James's driver returned, James was coupled to the coaches and he puffed away. Thomas returned with the trucks. A few minutes later Gordon arrived. "Where's the express?" Thomas told him about James, "And so here are your trucks." Gordon was very cross and so was his driver. "Wait till The Fat Controller hears about this." Meanwhile James was enjoying himself enormously, "What a clever plan what a clever plan." He chuffed.

Then he saw The Fat Controller.

"Some jokes are funny, but not this one James, you have cause confusion."

"Yes sir," said James.

"You will stay in your shed until you are wanted."

The other engines teased James. "I wonder who will be pulling the Express today." said Gordon. "I expect it will be you," replied Henry. "James is stuck in the shed for being silly." James felt sad. Next morning he went back to work. "Hello," Whistled Thomas. "Good to see you out and about again." "I'm sorry I tricked you," said James. "Are these my trucks?" "Yes," replied Thomas. Kindly "They are pleased to have you back." James puffed into the harbour with his goods train of trucks. He hustled about all day, pushing and pulling them into place. "Time to go home now James," said his driver at last. "No trucks or passengers just we two," but he's driver was wrong. "Excuse me," called a man. "I have a meeting with Sir Topham Hatt and I must be late. may I ride back with you?" "Of course," replied James's driver then he whispered to James "This gentleman is a railway inspector." James was most impressed. He steamed along the line as smoothly and as quickly as he could. The Fat Controller was waiting and the railway inspector greeted him warmly. "This clever engine gave me a splendid ride. You must be proud of him."

"Yes, indeed, James, once again you are a really useful engine."

Thomas, Percy and the Post Train

At night, when the other engines are tucked away in their sheds, you can still hear the far away call of an engines whistle and the clickety clack of train wheels turning. This is the sound of the post train. One train is put on by Thomas and the other by Percy, as the loads are too heavy for one engine to do the work alone. The post is loaded into trucks, at both the harbours and the engines pull their trains through the silence stations delivering that precious loads. On a clear night a big shiny moon brightens their journeys, but often Thomas and Percy can't even see the stars. But whatever the weather lamps along the track, always guide their way. One night, Percy was waiting at the junction. The mainline train was late, At last Henry arrived.

"Sorry," he puffed "The mail boat from the mainland was delayed." "Come on Percy," said his driver. "Let's make up for lost time." Percy puffed along as quickly as he could. But the sun was already rising as he finished his work. "Never mind," thought Percy. "It's nice to be up and about when it's the start of a new day and there's no one else around." Percy was not alone for long. "Bother," said Percy, "It's that Dizzy thing Harold."

"Good morning."

whirled Harold.

"I always said railways were out of date, but you're so slow with the post. You should give everyone their stamps back, Post haste."

Percy was too time to explain. "Bird brain." He muttered. "Good morning Percy," called Duck. "You're up early." "No, you're wrong," sighed Percy. "I'm back tired and late." He rolled into the shed and fell asleep almost before his buffers touched the bar. His driver decided to set off early that evening. Thomas was waiting at the station. "Thank goodness I have a chance to speak to you. Driver said that the person in charge of the post has complained to The Fat Controller about the delay last night." "But that wasn't my fault," replied Percy. "I know," said Thomas, "And so does The Fat Controller, but this post person wouldn't listen. Tonight. We'll just have to be quicker than ever before." The engines were just leaving the station when they heard a familiar buzzing.

"I say You two there's news flying about,"

"Where?" puffed Percy

"All over the place. They are going to scrap the post train And use me instead. Wings work wonders you know, always."

"Rubbish," huffed Thomas. That night, everything ran like clockwork

Thomas and Percy steam through the stations making good time everywhere they went. At a station. Thomas noticed a man looking cold and worried he had missed his train home. "We can give you a ride," said Thomas's driver, "But it will be rather uncomfortable." "Thank you," said the man. "Anything's better than sitting here."

The next afternoon, Percy past the airfield and saw Harold. "Hello lazy wings. Are, you you too tired to fly today?"

"The winds too strong. I've been grounded,"

grumbled Harold. "You need rails," laughed Percy. "They work wonders, you know, always."

That night, The Fat Controller showed the two engines a letter. It was from the man who had missed his train. "He thinks you are both splendid," said The Fat Controller. "And everyone says that the post train as a pride of the line."

Trust Thomas

Thomas the Tank Engine was feeling bright and cheerful. It was a splendid day. "Good morning." He was on to some cows. But the cows didn't reply. "Never mind," said Thomas "They're busy with their breakfast." Next, he saw Bertie. "Hello, Bertie, care for a race today?" But all Bertie could say was "Ouch. That's another hole in the road." "I'm sorry Bertie," smiled Thomas.

Thomas was still in good spirits when Bertie arrived at the next station. "Bad luck, Bertie," said Thomas. "Now if you were a steam engine, you would run on a pair of reliable rails." "Huh," replied Bertie. "The railway was supposed to deliver tar to mend the road two weeks ago. You can't trust a thing that runs on rails." "I run on rails. You can trust me, Bertie. I'll see if I can find out what's happened." Thomas left Bertie and made his way along the branchline towards the big station by the sea.

James was snorting them out in the yard. "It's too bad, Percy goes to work at the harbour and I do his job here there and everywhere. Take that." "Ooh," growned the trucks. "Just you wait. We'll show you." Gordon laughed. "I'll tell you what, James if you pretended to be ill everywhere you couldn't shunt trucks here or go to the quarry there. could you?" "What a good idea," agreed James "Look, here comes Thomas. I'll start pretending now."

Thomas was sorry to see the engines looking miserable. "Cheer up, It's a beautiful day." "Yes," grumbled Gordon. "but not for James." "What's the matter?" "He's sick." replied, Gordon. "Yes, he is. I mean, I am," stuttered James. "I don't feel well at all." "Don't worry," said Thomas kindly. "I'll help out if you're ill." Gordon and James sniggered quietly to each other.

Some of James' trucks were couple behind Thomas and he steamed away to the quarry, The trucks was still cross. "We couldn't pay James back for bumping us so we'll play tricks on Thomas instead, one engine is as good as another!" but Thomas didn't hear them. He collected all the stone from the quarry and then set off back to the junction.

Danger ahead. "Now for our plan," giggled the trucks "Go faster, go faster." "Slow down," called Thomas' driver and applied the brakes.

Poor Thomas stood dazed and surprised in a muddy pond as a Toad eyed him suspiciously. "Bust my Buffers," muttered Thomas. "The day started so well too." Duck pulled away the trucks. And Edward help Thomas back to the junction. Suddenly Thomas remembered about the missing tar. He told Edward all about it. "That's Strange," said Edward. "A truck full of tar has been left at my station. That must be it. Driver will make sure it gets to Bertie now."

Later James spoke to Thomas. "I'm sorry about your accident," he muttered. "And so is Gordon. We didn't mean to get you into trouble." "No indeed." spluttered Gordon. "I mean misunderstanding Thomas. All's well, that ends well." Just then Bertie arrived he looked much more cheerful. "My roads being mended now." "Oh I am glad," replied Thomas. "Thanks for all you did. Now I know I can trust an engine, especially if his name is Thomas." Gordon and James puffed silently away to the shed. But Thomas still had company. "Well well," he sighed "What a day for surprises." The Toad who was looking forward to a ride home, noisily agreed.

Mavis

Mavis is a diesel engine who works for the quarry company shunting trucks in the sidings. She has six small wheels hidden by side plates just like Toby's. Mavis is young and full of her own ideas. She loves rearranging things too, and began putting Toby's trucks in different places every day. This made Toby cross, "Trucks," he grumbled, "Should be where you want them when you want them." "Fiddlesticks," said Mavis and flounced away. At last Toby lost patience. "I can't waste time playing with the trucks with you. Take them yourself." Mavis was pleased, taking trucks made her feel important. at the station, Diesel oiled up to her. "Toby's an old fuss pot." She complained. Diesel sensed trouble and was delighted. "Toby says only steam engines can manage trucks," continued Mavis

"How absurd, Depend upon it Mavis. Anything steam engines can do we Diesels can do better." Diesel knew nothing about trucks, but Mavis didn't realise this. Toby's line crosses with the main road behind the station and for a short way follows a farm lane. Frosty weather makes the muddy lane rock hard and very slippery. Toby stops before reaching the lane. His fireman halts the traffic at the crossing and then he sets off by using the heavy trucks to push him along. He has no trouble with a frosty rail in the lane. It is the only safe thing to do in this kind of weather. Toby warned Mavis and told her just what to do. "I can manage Thank you," she replied. "I'm not an old fuss pot like you." The trucks were tired of being pushed around by Mavis. "It's slippery. Let's push her around instead On On On," They yelled. Mavis took no notice, instead she brought the trucks carefully down the lane and stopped at the level crossing. All traffic halted. "One in the headlamp for fuss pot Toby." chortled Mavis. But Mavis had stopped in the wrong place. Instead of taking Toby's advice she had given the trucks that chance they wanted. "Hold back, hold back," they cried, "Grrrr! up," ordered Mavis. The trucks just laughed and her wheel spun helplessly. Workman sanded the rails and try to take away the frozen mud but it was no good. Everyone was impatient. "GRRRR!!!!" wailed Mavis.

Toby was in the yard when he heard the news. "I warned her." he fumed, "She's young yet," soothed his driver. "And..." "She can manage her trucks herself." interrupted Toby. "There your trucks really," his driver replied. "Mavis is supposed to stay at the quarry if The Fat Controller finds out..." "Hmm, Yes." said Toby thoughtfully. He and his driver agreed that it would be best to help Mavis after all.

An Angry farmer was telling Mavis just what she could do with that train. "Having trouble Mavis," chortled Toby, "I am surprised." "GRRUSH!" said Mavis. With much puffing and wheel slip Toby pushed Mavis and the trucks back. The hard work made his fire burned fiercely and his firemen spread hot cinders to melt the frozen mud

At last day they had finished. "Goodbye," called Toby. "You will manage now I expect." Mavis didn't answer. She took the trucks to the shed and scuttled home to the quarry as quickly as she could.

Toby's Tightrope

One day, Percy arrived at the quarry to collect some stone for his trucks. Snow and frost lay everywhere. There was not a sound to be heard. Percy ventured further. He found Mavis, the new diesel engine resting in the shelter of some rocks. "Cheer up Mavis," he whistled. Mavis was still remembering the trouble she'd had with trucks. "Manager says I don't listen to advice. He says I've no business jaunting down Toby's line. Toby's a fuss pot." "Toby has forgotten more about trucks than you will ever know," replied Percy, "You must put the trucks where he wants them, then you will be a really useful engine. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to take these stones to the harbour." Mavis liked Percy, but she still wouldn't listen to his advice. "Why shouldn't I go on Toby's line?"

The siding arrangements were awkward to put the truck were Toby wanted them Mavis had to make several journeys. She started making a plan. "If we use the tiniest bit of Toby's line, we would save all this bother." Her driver suspecting nothing allowed them to go as far as the first level crossing.

A few days later, the weather changed.

As the snow melted, the quarry grew busy again. Some trains were so long that Mavis had to go beyond the level crossing. Now for her plan, she would go further down the line without it seeming her fault. "Can you keep a secret?" She asked the trucks "Yes, yes, yes," they chattered. "Will you bump me at the level crossing and tell no one I asked you?" The trucks promised but whilst Mavis was away. Toby arrived he decided to shunt the trucks himself. The trucks decided to bump him anyway.

They reach the level crossing and Toby's brakes came on. This was the signal for the trucks. "On! On! On!" they yelled. Toby was away with that trucks screaming and yelling behind him. No one realised that melted snow, had turned a stream into a torrent and the bridge above it was about to collapse. The rails were now like a tightrope across the thundering water.

"Stop, Stop." cried Toby. his driver fort for control. They came nearer and nearer to the bridge. The driver breaked hard, Toby stopped, Still on the rails, but with his wheels treading the tightrope over the abyss.

Mavis was horrified and quickly came to the rescue. workman anchored Toby with chains while she pulled the trucks away. Then she helped Toby to safety. "I'm sorry about the trucks," said Mavis. "I can't think how you manage to stop them in time." "Oh, well." said Toby, "My driver told me about circus people who walk tightropes, but I just didn't fancy doing it myself." Later The Fat Controller arrived,

"A very smart peice of work."

He said.

"Mavis, you did well too I hear."

"It.. It was my fault about those trucks Sir." She faulted "But if I could,

"Could what?"

"Come down the line sometime Sir, Toby says he'll show me what to do."

"Certainly,"

replied The Fat Controller.

"If your manager agrees." And so it was arranged. Now Mavis is as happy as can be, and The Fat Controller thinks she's really useful indeed.

Edward, Trevor and the Really Useful Party

Trevor The Traction Engine is old fashioned, but he doesn't care. He knows that he is really useful, like his friend Edward, The Blue Engine. Early one morning, Trevor was chuffing about the vicarage orchard. He had important news for Edward. "The Vicar says that not all children are able to have holidays by the sea. So he's having a garden party to raise money for a seaside trip. I'm going to be the star attraction," chattered Trevor. "Giving rides to all the visitors. The Vicar is putting up posters all about it." "I'd like to help too," sighed Edward, "But without my rails, I wouldn't be much good at a garden party."

It was a beautiful day, but Edward was worried. "I wish there was something I could do for the party." He said. "I'd like to be helpful like Trevor." Edward's driver laughed, "You're helpful in your own way, and that's on the railway."

Next day, it was Trevor's turn to look disappointed. He had bad news. "The Vicar's been so busy, he forgot to put up the posters. Now no one will know about the party." But Edward had an idea. "Don't worry," he said, "Everything is going to be all right." Then he explained to his driver. "The Vicar can paste his posters on my cab and coaches. So wherever I go, they'll go too."

"Well done Edward," said his driver. "I'm sure The Fat Controller will agree," As indeed he did. Edward steamed happily through the stations collecting his passengers. "Look!" they said. "The Vicar is holding a party. We must go to that." Later Trevor was resting in the orchard shed when Bertie rolled by, "Hello, Trevor, why are you dozing there like an old stick in the mud?" "I'm not dozing. I'm resting," replied Trevor. Then he told Bertie about the vicar's party. "I'll be there too." boasted Bertie. "But i'm not sure people will want to ride on an old traction engine after travelling in a smart red bus like me."

Party day arrived. It had rained heavily during the night and the orchard ground was sudden. "Rain and mud won't spoil my day," said Trevor. "No indeed." agreed his driver "We'll stay on the road, then we won't get bogged down." Trevor was soon busy travelling up and down the quiet country lane carrying lots of laughing children.

He was just turning a corner when he heard Bertie. "Hello, old timer. I'm taking everyone to the party. Edward's idea is really working."

Trevor gave Bertie a cheerful whistle and turn back toward the orchard. Then there was trouble. "Help! I'm stuck." shouted Bertie. His wheels had sunk deep in the orchard mud. Terence The Tractor arrived just in time. "I'm the one who has to plough fields." laughed Terence. "We'd better get you out."

Using strong ropes, Terence and Trevor pulled Bertie clear of the mud.

"This will teach Bertie, a thing or two." Trevor chuffed to himself. At last Bertie was on the road again. "Thank you, Trevor. You're not a stick in the mud at all." "No," smiled Trevor, "But you were, just for a little while."

That evening, The vicar arrived to see Edward and his driver. "Thanks to your good idea about the posters. Hundreds of people payed to come to the party. We've raised lots of money for the children." Edward was very pleased, and Trevor fell happily asleep, thinking of all the children who would now get to the seaside at last.

Buzz, Buzz

Trevor, The Traction Engine was enjoying his work in the Vicarage Orchard. Birds were singing and apples were brightening on the trees. It was a lovely day."Hello, Trevor." said James. "You look as bright and cheerful as my red paint." "Oh I am," replied Trevor.

"What's that noise?" asked James. "It's the bees," laughed Trevor. "They're all in these boxy things called beehives. I'm taking them to the station. The Vicar has his bees make good honey, and he's giving some of them to his friends." Just then BoCo The Diesel Engine hummed in.

"Take care you too. Don't make the bees angry. They might sting you." James didn't like being told what to do by a diesel. and he buzzed away. "Goodbye Trevor." called BoCo, and set off to see Duck at the next station.

Bill and Ben, the Tank Engine twins were busy arranging trucks, but they scampered off when they saw BoCo. "I remember the first time I met those two," laughed BoCo "They nearly made my eyes pop out. Edward soon put a stop to their games." "Edward is the only one who can keep Bill and Ben in order," chuckled Duck. "I sometimes called him the Bees." "A good name," replied BoCo.

James hustled in. "What's that Duck?" He snorted."Are you afraid of bees? There only insects after all, so don't let that. Buzz box diesel tell you different."

"His name is BoCo and he didn't we..." "I wouldn't care," interrupted James. "If hundreds were swarming around, I just blow smoke and make them Buzz off."

"Buzz, Buzz, Buzz." retorted Duck. The next morning, James arrived at the station to collect his coaches. The passengers were excited and keen to get on board. The platform was crowded, and the Porter was in a hurry. "Mind your backs!" he shouted. Then there was trouble. The beehive fell and broke open.

The station cleared like magic. James heard a familiar buzzing, The bees were too cold to be cross so they buzzed around the fireman hoping he mend they're hive. but he didn't understand nor did his driver. So the bees turn to James, his boiler was nice and warm.

"Buzz off, Buzz off."

hissed James, One bee burnt his foot.

"Ooh! Aaa! Phew! Phew!"

The Bee thought James had burnt him on purpose.

So it stung James right back on the nose, "EEEEEE!!!"whistled James. He had had enough so had his firemen and driver. They didn't notice till too late that they had left all they're coaches behind. They tried everything to get rid of the Bees. Firstly they spun on the turntable to no avail. They tried washing them off, but the bees clung harder to James's warm boiler. Then they tried smoking them off by going through a long tunnel. But still the bees wouldn't go away. "It's no good James," said his driver, "We'll just have to go back to the orchard and fetch another hive" James' reply was drowned by the sound of buzzing.

The Vicar was waiting anxiously for James. When he arrived the bees swarmed straight into their new home. "Come on James," said his driver "What you need now is a good hose down." Later that evening James was resting in the shed when the vicar came to see him. "Thank you for saving my bees." He said, "It's a pity it's not Christmas then we could call you James the Red Nosed Engine." Everyone laughed, even James, but instead they decided to call James the bee's knees, which means they thought he was more useful than ever.

All at Sea

Percy and Duck like working at the harbour by the sea. On a clear summer's night, there is no better place to be.

The big ships bring passengers, cargo ships carrying machinery and others Duck and Percy puffed backwards and forwards with the crates of cargo as they are loaded and unloaded by the key side one morning, Duck and Percy notice that the horizon was packed with sails flapping against the blue sky. "I wish I could sail to far away lands sighed Duck. "Engines can't go sailing," snorted Percy. "Because engines can't float." Duck still had his dreams.

Suddenly, they were rudely interrupted

"Wakey wakey,"

Hove Harold. "I'm looking at the boats," replied Duck.

"That's the regatta,"

Whirled Harold.

"Lots of boats. Lots of races. Great fun. I hover round in case I needed."

"Do you go to the horizon?" asked Duck.

"Yes, and beyond."

"I didn't know there was a beyond," whispered Percy. "Do you go to other places it sea?" continued Duck.

"Certainly. I can land on ships you know anywhere anytime Goodbye."

Duck sighed. He went on talking about the regatta all day. Percy lost patience. "Well, Duck, I'd rather have my wheels on solid ground. Our rails can take us to all the places we could ever wish to see." "That's an emergency," called Duck's driver. "I'll check with the harbourmaster." He returned with bad news. "A man taking part in the regatta has hurt his hand. We're to take him to the hospital at the next station. Harold's bringing him now. Come on."

"Good to see you again Duck,"

whirled Harold, as he landed carefully on the platform. The man was gently helped to safety.

"My job is to stay at sea in case of other emergencies. Otherwise I would take this gentleman to hospital myself. Must fly, goodbye."

Duck set off on his journey. Soon he was steaming well and his wheels with thundering along the track

When they reach the station the man thanked everyone and Bertie got ready to take him to hospital. "You look splendid. flying along the line Duck," glowed Bertie. "No wonder they call the Great Western." "Percy's right." Duck thought to himself, "Engines are happiest when the wheels are firmly on the rails."

That night, Percy and Duck stayed a little longer at the key. The air was warm and the sea calm. "There's a shooting star," said Duck. "Don't be daft." laughed Percy "It's Harold. Look he's hovering over head." Something, fluttered down towards Duck. His driver caught it. "It's a flag from the regatta. Harold's giving it to you as a present Duck." "That was kind of Harold."

Whispered Duck. "He may have whirly arms instead of wheels, but he seems to understand just what an engine needs."

Duck still wonders about the lands beyond the horizon. But he enjoys being with friends Most of all, and I think he knows that sometimes. The best travels are those we can only dream about. Don't you?

One Good Turn

Bill and Ben are the most mischievous engines working on The Fat Controller's railway. They have kept busy pushing and pulling trucks up and down the line that runs from the China clay works to the harbour yard, They like to have fun together and often play tricks on the workman. But sometimes that teasing ways can get them into trouble.

One morning, The Fat Controller came to see them.

"Important goods have arrived in the big yard Bill and Ben, I need you to help the other engines."

"Oh, yes, sir, of course," replied the twins.

They set off happily on they're important mission

BoCo was resting in the yard when suddenly he heard a pair of familiar whistles.

"Mmm," sighed BoCo. Here comes trouble.

"The Fat Controller told us you were tired," teased Bill. "He asked us to take all your trucks for you." !You two never stop Do you?I chuckled BoCo "But I'm wised to your pranks and we do need your help here." The twins were super busy pushing and pulling the heavy trucks into place.

At last the day's work was done. The twins now became excited. They were going to use the turntable for the first time. Bill went first. "This is fun!" He shrieked to Ben.

He didn't want to move off at all. The foreman stop the turntable, "Please make way for the other engines." He ordered. Bill did so, but unfortunately the foreman had accidentally stopped the turntable in the wrong place. Bill was on the wrong track and there was Ben puffing directly toward him, The engines came to a grinding halt.

They gazed Grimmly at each other.

"I was here first," said Bill, "But you're in my way," protested Ben. "You will have to back up again." "I won't." "You will." "I won't." The Fat Controller came to stop the noise.

"If you don't behave. I shall not allow you here again."

The next day, Ben was still grumpy. "That Bill. Imagine getting in my way on the turntable. He's a really silly engine." "The way I heard it." sighed BoCo. "It sounded like you were both to blame." "Puh, You must have heard it all wrong." The twins grumbled about each other. all day Even kind Edward lost paintence,

"All this grumbling spreads bad atmosphere in the yard." "You're quite right. And that's why I've come up with a plan." BoCo whispered his plan to Edward, then his driver told The Fat Controller. "I'll start making arrangements straight away." The next morning he called Bill and Ben into the yard. "BoCo is taking a special train to the harbour. His regular heavy goods train is waiting on the siding. You can pull it together." "But," "But," protested Bill and Ben who was still not speaking to each other.

"Good, I knew I could rely on you two." "I'll take the train myself," huffed Ben. "Go right ahead," Said Bill, Ben was coupled up to the train of trucks, but they were too heavy for him to move alone. "Go on." teased Bill. "I can't," said Ben. Then suddenly both twins laughed. "I don't think we'll take turns this time Ben." said Bill. "I

think we'd better pull together." Ben was delighted. It was good to be helping each other. Best of all, it was good to be friends again.

Tender Engines

One morning, Gordon was in the taking on a large supply of coal.

"That's the third load of coal you've had today. Gordon,"

said James.

"Some might say you're being rather greedy."

"I'm an important engine," replied Gordon. "Important engines need plenty of coal, but I doubt if you would understand that James." James snorted and went about his work. Later, Gordon was taking on water from a standpipe because the water tower was under repair. I wouldn't drink too much of that water if I were you, Gordon. "It might give you boiler ache," "PAH!" said Gordon, "What's this? Educating Gordon Day, First, James and now you Duck. Big engines are big needs. Little engines are just annoying." "Don't say I didn't warn you." laughed Duck. Later, Gordon steamed into the yard at the Big station. "That's what I need." exclaimed Gordon. There emerging out of the sheds by two shiny tenders. "Now if I had two tenders," said Gordon, "I wouldn't need to stop so often and I wouldn't have to listen to silly little engines." "Those tenders belong to a visitor," replied his driver. Diesel sidled up alongside. "Everyone knows that tenders are a mark of distinction but I'm afraid that no amount of tenders will save you in the end. We Diesels are taking over and we don't need tenders to make us important, Not even one."

Gordon was most upset. He was feeling just the same the next day. "I'm not happy." "I know." put in Duck brightly, "It's boiler ache." "It's not boiler ache," protested Gordon. "It's..." "Of course it is." interrupted Henry. "That's water's bad your boiler must be full of sludge have a good washout, and you'll feel a different engine."

"Don't be vulgar," huffed Gordon. He backed down onto his train hissing mournfully, "Cheer up Gordon." said The Fat Controller "I can't sir. Is it true what Diesel says sir?" "What was he say?" "That these are taking over?" "Don't worry Gordon. That will never happen on my railway."

"And one more thing, Sir. Why did the visitor have two tenders." "Because he lives on a railway with long distances between coaling depots." Gordon felt better, But Henry started complaining. He banged some trucks angrily. "I always work hard enough for two he puffed. I deserve another tender." Duck whispered something to Donald. He was going to play a trick on Henry. "Henry." He asked innocently. "Would you like my tenders?" "Yours? What have you got to do with tenders?" "All right." said Duck, "The deal's off. Would you like them Donald?"

"I wouldn't deprive of the honour."

replied Donald. "It is a great honour," continued Duck thoughtfully, "But I'm only a tank engine. Perhaps James might." "I'm sorry. I was rude," said Henry hastily. "How many tenders have you and when could I have them?" "er mm, I have six and you can have them this evening." "Six lovely tenders," chortled Henry. "What a splendid sight I'll be." Henry was excited all day. "Do you think it would be all right?" He asked for the umpteenth time. "Of course," said Duck.

"They're all ready now." The other engines waited where they could each get a good view. But Henry wasn't a splendid site at all. His six tenders were very old, dirty and filled with boiler sludge. "Had a good washout Henry?" called a voice. "That's right you'll feel a different engine now." Henry was not sure, But he thought the voice belong to Gordon.

Escape

One day Edward was talking to Trevor, when Douglas steamed by. He was pulling a train of heavy coal trucks.

"Come on Edward. Stop gossiping in the sun when it's work to be done."

Later Edward spoke to Douglas. "Trevor and I are old friends. And you and he have a lot in common to." "Och aye," Quizzed Douglas. "And what would that be?""Scrap." Said Edward quietly. Douglas gasped,"Don't mention that word. It makes my wheels wobble." "It does the same to Trevor," replied Edward. "He was being sent to the scrapyard but the vicar and I saved him and now he's really useful again. Even so, The Fat Controller certainly does need another steam engine here." "Aye, and quickly," sighed Douglas. That night Douglas was still working. He had taken the midnight goods train to a station at a far away part of the island, where only the diesels work. He was just shunting ready for his return journey, when,"That sounds like a steam engine," He thought The hiss came again"Who's there?"Asked Douglas, A whisper came. "Are you a Fat Controller's engine?" "Aye, and proud of it." "Thank goodness, I'm Oliver, and I'm with my brake van Toad. We've run out of coal and have no more steam."

"But what are you doing?""Escaping," "from what?""Scrap." Douglas shivered. Then he remember Edward's story about saving Trevor. "I'll be glad to help you."He said."It'll have to look as if your ready for scrap and I'm taking you away."The Drivers and Firemen agreed to help to, everyone worked fast"No time to turn around," panted Douglas."I'll run tender first, come on."But before they could clear the station they were stopped"AHA!" exclaimed a foreman, "A GreatWestern engine and a brake van too you can't take these.""Och, but they're all for us," said Douglas' driver "See for yourself."The foreman looked all Oliver"Seems in order, right away gaurd" "That was a near thing." "We've had worse," smiled Oliver. and they forged ahead." It was daylight when the journey ended. "We're home." cried Douglas. "Ssshh!" said his driver, "There are the works we'll find a place for Oliver." Oliver said "Goodbye and thank you," and Douglas puffed away.The next day, Douglas told the other engines all about Oliver.

"The Fat Controller will have to know,"

said James. "Douglas should tell him at once." added Gordon.

"Well, here he is," said a voice, "Now what's this all about?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but we don't need another engine." "Yes, sir." ventured Gordon. "A steam engine sir."

"I'm afraid that the last one is saved from scrap there's little hope,"

"But sir," Bursted out Douglas. "One has." "Yes indeed and thanks to you, Douglas he has now worked all over is just what we need for Duck's branchline."

Everyone cheered. Now Oliver and Toad and mended and painted in full Great Western colours, Duck and Oliver are happy on their branchline. The others laughed at first and called it The Little Western, Duck and Oliver were delighted and so the Little Western it will always be.

Oliver Owns Up

On a clear day when the sky is blue, and there is just enough breeze to blow the clouds away, you can stand on a big hill above the valley and watch Duck and Oliver far below, busily at work on Duck's branchline near the sea. The two engines are very proud of their matching coats of gleaming colour. Oliver often talks about the time that Douglas saved him from scrap. "If it wasn't for his help," Oliver will say, "I might have been caught when I ran away from the scrapyard, and I would never have come to live here on The Fat Controllers railway." The other engines all wanted to know about Oliver's adventures. "Amazing," remarked Henry.

"Oliver," said James. "Has resource," "And Sagacity." Put in Gordon, "What does that mean?" whispered Percy, "I think," replied Thomas. "It's about being clever and wise." "He is," finished Gordon. "An example to us all." I'm sorry to say that Oliver became very puffed up and the smoke box. "Henry says I'm amazing. He's right." He whistled as he swooced along the line. One day The Fat Controller came to see him.

"You are doing well. Now you must learn how to look after trucks."

Every wise engine knows that you cannot trust trucks, the other engines warned Oliver. But he took no notice. "You think I can manage." He said huffily, "Gordon knows better. He says I'm sagacious." "You may be Good gracious or whatever you call it. But trucks can be troublesome and..." "Say no more Duck," Interrupted Donald. "It's maybe a pity but the wee engine will have to learn for himself." Oliver pulled some loaded trucks to a siding and pushed the empties to the chute.

Then he came back to take the loaded trucks away. They were comfortable and didn't want to move. "What right has he poke his funnel in here?" They grumbled. "We want Duck or Donald. or Douglas" "Look sharp," puffed Oliver. "That's not the way to speak," hissed the trucks "We'll pay him out." Oliver heard nothing. The trucks move smoothly at first that's suddenly Oliver felt them push forward. His driver applied the brakes but they were useless against the surging trucks. "On! On! On!" yelled the trucks Oliver fought hard but still they forced him on and on. At last the trucks grew tired. "I'm winning," gasped Oliver. But it was too late, Oliver lay bruised and bemused bunker down in the turntable well, Duck surveyed the damage. "Hello Oliver, Are you being a good gracious engine? Beg pardon, of course, but we really don't like this sort of surprise. Donald and Douglas will miss the turntable until it is mended."

That evening, Oliver was hauled gently to safety. I'm sorry, sir. He said to The Fat Controller. I should have listened to Ducks advice. I don't feel good gracious. whatever it is. I just feel silly. "Well Oliver," replied The Fat Controller. "Now you know the damage trucks can do."

"Yes, I do, sir." groaned Oliver. "I look like a load of scrap iron." "Ho Ho, Oh I don't think so." laughed The Fat Controller.

"But you do need to go to the works to be mended."

The other engines now felt sorry for Oliver. "The branchline won't be the same without you," whistled Duck. "Come back soon. A few days late Oliver did come back his coat gleamed brighter than ever. He was a wiser engine too and never made a mistake about trucks again.

Bulgy

It was a special holiday on the Island of Sodor. Bertie The Bus was working harder than ever before. All the engines were busy too. Duck was waiting for his next journey. Near him stood a red bus, but he didn't look friendly like Bertie. The bus around as he gazed at the happy passengers.

"Stupid nonsense."

He grumbled.

"I wouldn't have brought them If I'd known I'd have had a break down or something."

"I'm glad you didn't," smiled Duck, "You'd have spoiled their fun."

"Pah! enjoyment is all you engines live for one day railways will be ripped up." Duck felt shocked at such an idea. "We have a friend called Bertie and he's a bus but he likes the railway.

Sometimes he takes He says about it but he never wants to see it ripped up"

"Huh!" Growled the Bus. "I know Bertie he's too small in size to be of any use." Duck took no notice. "That Bus is silly," he thought as he steamed away. At the junction Duck told Oliver all about him. "I call him Bulgy," chuckled Oliver. Then he puffed happily away.

But that afternoon when the two engines met again, Oliver was no longer laughing. "Bulgy's friend has come. He said. He's rude to he's taking Bulgy's passengers home so as to leave Bulgy free to steal hours." "But he can't," objected Duck. "Bulgy says he can get them to the big station before us." "Rubbish," replied Duck. "It's much further by road." "Yes," continued Oliver, "but Bulgy says he knows a shortcut."

That evening, the engines were preparing for the homeward rush. "Where are the passengers?" They wondered. "Look!" shrilled Oliver, "Look at Bulgy he's a mean Scarlet deceiver." Bulgy was wearing a large sign saying railway bus. "YA BOO SNUBS!" he jeered as he roared away, "Come on," puffed Duck to his coaches. "Let's see what he's up to."

Duck wanted to pay Bulgy out, but he wasn't sure

Then in the distance to A man waving a red flag. That meant danger. The line here crosses a narrow road and there was Bulgy wedged firmly under the bridge. "So this was his shortcut." chuckled Duck. "He tricked us." shouted Bulgy passengers. "He said he was a railway bus. But he wouldn't accept our return tickets. He wanted us to think railways are no good." Duck's crew examine the bridge. "It's risky, but we must help the passengers." "Passengers are urgent." Agreed Duck. Duck, slowly and carefully set off across the bridge. Bulgy wailed as he felt the bridge quiver. "Stop." He shouted, "It might fall on me." "That would serve you right for telling lies," said Duck, But the bridge didn't collapse.

Duck make good time on all passengers caught their trains. The bridge is now mended, but not unfortunately Bulgy and these ways he never learned since. He's a hen house now, and his lies can do no harm. The hens never listen to them anyway.

Heroes

One morning, Bill and Ben were busy at the quarry pushing and pulling trucks into their proper places. The twins are cheeky and love playing tricks, but they were growing restless. "Listen Bill," said Ben, "Can you hear something?" "What sort of something?" asked Bill. "Something different," replied Ben, "I can't hear anything different." said Bill, "Exactly," huffed Ben.

"Everything is the same, sounds the same looks the same. What we need is a surprise."

"Surprise What?" asked Bill. Before Ben could answer the quartermaster arrived. "I have just received a message from The Fat Controller. He wants you to go to the station at the harbour."

"I wonder what we've done wrong this time." said Bill anxiously.

"It must be you," replied Ben "Why me?" exclaimed Bill. "I've not done anything." The Fat Controller was waiting for them.

"Edward's taking the children on a special trip today I want you to go to the station and look after trucks there."

"We will do our best Sir." said the twins.

Gordon spoke severely to them. "You must behave here. You're on the Mainline now." "Actually Gordon," giggled Ben. "When we saw you we thought this was the scrapyard." Gordon was cross. "Just make sure that my coaches are ready for my evening train." And he fumed way.

"This is easy." They said to each other. "We know all about trucks," but I'm afraid they didn't. "No need for that." shouted the trucks as the twins pushed them into place. "We'll show you around. We want to help." "Thank you very much," said Bill and Ben. That trucks giggled and began their tricks.

Evening came, The yard was in a dreadful muddle, The twins had let the trucks tell them where to put things. Gordon and the passengers waited impatiently outside the station, while Bill and Ben tried to sort things out. But by the time Gordon was able to leave, it was very late indeed. Next day, The twins were working at the quarry again.

"That's a strange noise," gasped Bill, "I've never heard a noise like that before, I have."

whispered his Driver nervously. "It sounds like a rock slide to me." Then came the alarm.

"Danger, clear the quarry." shouted the quartermaster. Workmen scrambled into the trucks.

"Thank goodness we're here," said the twins. They were just puffing out of the quarry when, "Help! wait for me," A workman had been left behind, Ben waited as the man climbed quickly aboard, The twins left the quarry just in time.

Everyone was safe, but rubble lay all around. "Oh dear," said Bill. "This wasn't are fault, I hope The Fat Controller will understand," And indeed he did the next day he arrived with Edward.

"Bill and Ben you still have a lot to learn about trucks don't you? But you acted quickly and bravely in an emergency so three cheers for Bill and Ben our heroes Hip Hip Hurray Hurray Hurray!"

"Oh thank you sir," said Bill. "Being called heroes well it's, it's..." "it's a really nice surprise." Laughed Ben.

Percy, James and the Friutful Day

It was a splendid morning on the Island of Sodor. James was feeling very pleased with himself, his red paint gleamed in the sunshine as he sped along the line. He reached the junction Just as Percy puffed it with some trucks. James was surprised to see him.

"What are you doing here, Percy? You should be at the next station by now. You're late."

"I know," sighed Percy. "These trucks have been troublesome all morning."

"That's no excuse Percy," snorted James, "Nothing should stop us. The Fat Controller relies on us to be on time. Now if you'll excuse me, I'll be on my way."

and James puffed importantly away. "Bossy Buffers," muttered Percy.

James arrived at the harbour, It was market day. The harbour was filled with the sweet smell of fruit from faraway lands. The fruit was delivered in big ships. James watch the strawberries, oranges, melons and bananas. What carefully loaded into his trucks then set off to the station on the Mainline.

On the way he met Thomas,"Really reliable, that's me." panted James proudly. "Pitty the same can't be said for Percy, Peep Peep. Goodbye."

"What was that about," Gasped Annie and Clarabel. "That was trouble. Trouble for James just wait and see."

Percy was back in the yard and busy shunting.

He had the trucks in good order and was making up for lost time. But the stationmaster had bad news. "What's happened?" asked Percy's driver. "James's brakes have jammed we need to Percy's help right away." Percy quickly set off to the rescue.

He found James stuck on the line and looking glum. Percy couldn't help laughing. "Got yourself in a jam ey James, what you might call a sticky situation."

"Be quiet,"

said James.

"It's not funny having jam breaks."

"And not very reliable either teased Percy. I am surprised you let it happen James. Nothing should stop us engines." "That's enough Percy," said his driver. "Can you push these trucks?"

"Of course I can," whistled Percy. "There's no time to lose. James has done too much of that already." James angrily hissed steam as Percy was coupled to the trucks.

"Off we go," said Percy. "I'll have to go fast to get there in time. These big engines are so unreliable." "Be careful Percy," called this Driver, But Percy was in a hurry. He didn't see that the points had failed, and that he had been diverted into a siding. "Look out Percy," shouted his driver and applied the brakes, but it was too late. The driver and the fireman the jump clear, got squashed fruit squirted all over Percy.

The Fat Controller arrived. "Percy, you are not to blame for the points failure, but I do not run a jam factory." "Yes, sir. No sir." and Percy squelched sadly away. That night. The shed was silent. James and Percy felt very sorry for themselves. At last Thomas spoke, "You know," he said to no engine in particular, "There's more than one way to get jammed. We all learned that today," Still was silence. "What's more," continued Thomas. "We also learned that sometimes when engines help each other out of a jam, things can still go wrong." "So," said a voice. "So," finished Thomas "That means we learned today and therefore," then came a horus, "We're really useful engines after all."

Thomas and Percy's Christmas Adventure

If someday you should see Thomas the Tank Engine puffing happily along the line. He may be on his way to a village nestled deep in the Island of Sodor. One December Thomas whistled to all his friends, "It's nearly Christmas and I bring you lots of letters and parcels." But a week later, the storms came,

The island was covered with thick snow. The engines found work difficult. Some had to help clear snow from the track and workmen hacked away at the frozen banks of ice. Thomas and Percy we're collecting important post for Christmas. "Driver's said lots of posts for the village," said Thomas. "I'll need an extra truck for it all." Percy was feeling left out, "It's not fair. You're not leaving any post for me," but Percy's chance had come, "There's been a change of plan." said Thomas's driver, "The Fat Controller needs jus at the big station. Percy, you are to take Thomas' train to the village." Percy was delighted. But Thomas was sad. "I won't be able to say Happy Christmas to all my friends." "Don't worry." said Percy kindly "I'll do it for you." "It's not the same." sighed Thomas

Percy was making good time on his way to the village when suddenly, "What's that," called his driver. There was a fogman by the line. He was holding a red light. "The village is cut off by snow." he shouted. "We need snowploughs, workmen and a helicopter. Leave your trucks in the siding. Go back quickly." Percy was soon Steaming to Harold's airfield, "Peep Peep." whistled Percy. "Wake up lazy wings." The mountain villagers need your help. They're stranded.

"Wizzo!"

replied Harold.

"I like an emergency to keep me warm."

and he buzzed away. "Now," sighed Percy "What's next."

Suddenly there was Thomas with Terence The Tractor and the works train. "Come on Percy," whistled Thomas, "Follow me." The two engines back to her way through the slow. At last reach the village. Harold was already there, busily dropping food to people and animals. Terence quickly got to work. "Lovely Stuff." He said, as he pushed the snow aside. "Well done Percy, Well done Thomas," cheered the villagers "You're the best Santa Claus this village has ever had." "What's a Santa Claus," asked Percy, "Santa Claus is someone who drops presents down chimneys at Christmas time." Percy looked at his funnel. "I wonder if..." "No!" laughed Thomas, "Chimneys Percy not funnels, Which reminds me your post train is still back in the siding, isn't it?" Percy hurried back to fetch it. Just then Toby arrived with Henrietta. "We brought lots of hot drinks and food for the villagers." he whistled.

That night All the engines had gone back to their sheds except Toby. The villagers have made a plan to thank the engines. They loaded paint pots and parcels into Henrietta them they set off through the moonlit countryside. All the engines were fast asleep in the sheds as Toby ran silently into the yards

He had no idea what the villagers were going to do, but he knew he was going to be a big surprise. When the engines woke the next morning, they could not believe their eyes. That sheds had been repainted and decorated. Parcels lay everywhere. The engines whistled in delight and everyone agreed that it was really a Happy Christmas.

